# The Open Court.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the Work of Conciliating Religion with Science.

No. 237. (Vol. VI.—10.) CHICAGO, MARCH 10, 1892. Two Dollars per Year. Single Copies, 5 Cents.





## MODERN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

BY LOUIS J. BLOCK.

The world of art is a world of reflections. As in some magic mirror phase after phase of human life and experience glitters across that polished surface and gives place to others, subtler and nobler as the ages proceed. For whatever the past has done, and to what extent soever certain aspects of expression, whether in words or marble or color, have been carried to their limits, and exhausted in the entire range of their possibilities, yet to each perfected flower and fruit as it hangs and glows on the marvellous tree of time, another succeeds which touches deeper sensibilities, presents the story of the everlasting idea in a newer and more seductive guise, discloses depths of nature and heart and mind the earlier artists dreamed not of.

The history of art is the history of the human soul. The babbling infant, ages ago, sought to sing to itself its thought of the world that it saw around it, and the abyss that it felt within it; the religious tales of the older time remain as a precious heritage to these latter years; successively the deep heart of humanity has told to itself in vast piles of architecture, or wondrously chiseled marble, or passionate commixture of colors, the old, old story of its hopes and aspirations, its beliefs and its convictions, its worships and its venerations. To understand these progressive manifestations of human power and tendency, to grasp them in their unity and intention, is to learn a lesson in the comprehension of the world.

The art of the world has developed in a series of progressive phases which are manifestations of the successive unfolding of the human spirit. The environment in which humanity dwells overshadows at first with its immensity and vague generality the earlier efforts of intelligence. Complete consciousness and separate understanding of the self as opposite, and in a measure antagonistic of the world, both natural and spiritual, are ripe developments of the spirit, and only attained after ages of struggle and resistance. The human soul confronted by this vast and moving spectacle, which we have learned to call the universe, swoons back as it were into unity with it, and can only murmur inarticulately and dimly its reverence, its fear, and its hope of enswathement in universality, and consequent freeing from the torments of growing individuality. The oriental peoples illustrate fully this tendency. To them the flight of time meant so little that they have developed no consistent histories of their progress and advancement. They lived in a luxury of the imaginative consciousness, an ecstatic half-slumber, in which their personality was continually on the verge of extinction into the all—Nirvaṇa, as the Buddhist devotee calls it, in which somehow mystically without volition of his own the illimitable potencies of the universal life sway through him and the thin shell of his distinctive personality is a constantly obliterating shadow before the splendor of the All-light that is to suffuse him. Nature to such minds had no separate existence and could therefore be neither an object of representation or study. In that twilighted consciousness the exquisite form of tree and flower and cloud floated bathed in the irradiation of an idealising tendency, but always as an accompaniment of the wished for realisation, the breaking down of the barrier of the self before the imposition of the larger life that had neither limitations nor characteristics such as constitute the essence of things we know by the processes of the reason. Government under such spiritual conditions could only be a tyranny, history only the baseless and capricious transference of power from dynasty to dynasty, each as irresponsible and as little devoted to human amelioration as its predecessor. In such a dream-life, art could only manifest itself in massive and symbolic structures, whose chief significance lay rather in another formalising of the one idea of unity with the All, the divine, the universal, than in any specific content of its own.

To the Greek the problem presented itself anew, and with fairer chances for a successful solution. In his rocky peninsula, sea-girt and island-girt, life put on a severer face, and spurred to loftier achievements. The awaking from the dream became inevitable. Under those sapphire skies, and fanned with the glorious salt winds of the neighboring sea, overlooked by the solemn mountains, and urged by the intractable soil, face to face with Mother Earth, who offered her gifts

of subsistence and leisure only to strenuous effort, confronted by hordes of orientals who came upon them like devastating swarms of locusts, and engaged in heroic rivalries with each other, that people could do nothing less than be aroused to an appreciation of what humanity was, and how nobler than the environment was the human heart that pulsated beneath each fleshly covering. It was the morning song of joyance and delight, when humanity first knew itself, and the darkness of the night fled never to return as it had been. Freedom, clearness, ecstasy became the appanage of the human spirit. The noblest study of man was man. Human individuality was recognised as the ground of history, and the basis of progress. Art reveled in this discovery as never before or since. With a passsion of pleasure she plunged into the novel realm, and produced her splendors of creative success, which can be neither equalled nor surpassed. Out of her marble quarries, she evocated those representations of humanity, which glitter through all the ages as white miracles embodying the perfection of human naturalness. She placed on hilltop and acropolis harmonies of line and proportion, which were as unconsuming beacon-lights to all the nations, proclaiming the worth of individuality, gloriously finished as the outer temple, in which it was worshipped. She sang her deathless songs of the greatness of the heroes who ploughed the unknown seas like the Argonauts, in search of the golden fleece, conquest of the unknown world that darkened around her, or she hymned the worth of human perfection in the Achillean demand for sufficient recognition, or in the victory of Ulysses over the weltering wastes of ocean and tumultuary disaffection at home, or in the sacrifice of human life at the shrine of beauty, beauty so transcendent that all claim of conscience or government or domestic attachment shriveled before its flame like flax or paper. But to her, Nature was only as an orchestral accompaniment to the grander human chorus. Her sculptors had no need of other background than her silver-wooded mountains, and pale blue sky arched over foam-flowered waters. Painting had a beginning to be sure as a separate art, but landscape painting had no sufficient motive in the national idea. Even descriptions of nature are rare in Greek poetry, and are never introduced as in modern times for their own sake, but as accessories to the human emotion that underprops them. Indeed, to a Greek, nature as such was unworthy of real attention; except as accompanying the special myth to be represented, she was unfit to be made the subject of a serious artistic effort.

Genuine landscape painting, it must be seen from what has been said, could in those days have barely raised its first slender stalklet and leaf above the soil. The conditions for its successful prosecution did not exist. We have accounts of painters, who had made large advances in their art; the secrets of perspective and light and shade were not unknown to them, but the art as such was barely rising above the horizon of human consciousness. The world had yet many steps to take before she reached the plateau whence nature shone back to her as a reflex and symbol of all her strivings, and therefore a marvellous material for the expression of her deepest moods and most graceful fancies.

But the Greek seized his solution wholly on the natural side. Life to him was the joyous equipoise of man and nature, the happy flow of thought into sense, and the transfiguration of sense into thought with no consciousness of the depth of spirituality involved in his own being and destiny. While upon the earlier civilisation destiny and the movement of things pressed like a weight no effort could alleviate or lessen, there came with the bursting of these bonds the delightful consciousness that man and nature were natural complements of each other, that achievement and manifestation, hope and realisation were the opposite faces of the same shield, that to think was to be, and that existence was not to be conceived without thought. His perfect art is but the necessary expression of this equilibrium attained once and once only on the earth. He and his work are the "one thing finished in this hasty world."

But the content of life could not rest here; summit after summit loomed yet to be climbed, outlook upon outlook shone in the growing illumination of the everlasting day of the world, yet to be reached, whence life assumed an aspect for other than had yet been surmised or anticipated. It is the glorious privilege of the race thus forever to tread upon exaltations which the previous realisation hinted or but vaguely foreshadowed. We cannot tell whither the next opening of the doors of time will lead us, into what realms of splendor we are advancing, upon what new scenery our eyes are yet to open.

Suffice it to say here that individuality had been recognised as the counterpoise and co-equal of nature. The eyes of the nations had been directed within, and the depths of spirituality were now to be explored. The Roman is the incarnation of will, resistless, unvanquishable will, But he is essentially prosaic; he has no art of his own. He has wit enough to borrow from his neighbor the Greek, and make him subservient to his luxury and caprice. His view of the landscape is that of the kitchen garden; his poetry is didactic and tells us how to cultivate the soil and get the most abundant crops. But yet the will is the deepest internality of man, and the step forward has been taken. The whole world of the inner life, the secrets of the heart and conscience, the mazes of hu-

man aspiration begin to dawn upon us. Heaven lies within us; and now for the first time the outer fades from the view, is looked upon as a mean and degrading accessory, is relegated to the limbo where dwell the evil and satanic potencies. As formerly nature and life had been seized abstractly and as all dominating, so now the soul of man is looked upon as the only verity, and the environment, the life outside and around, sinks into the shadow of disrepect and depreciation. But such abstraction could not last long; nature must reassert herself; once more the soul and the world confront each other; but with deepened content. As the soul had grown richer by the contemplation and knowledge of itself, so nature forced into relief has become an abyss where the student might spend his days and nights and never come to an end with his ceaseless meditations. But to the artist nature is now the symbol of that which is rarest and noblest in the heart of man; he can contemplate her in her separateness, and yet give her that human interest without which no art product can be successful. Nature is to him but undeveloped man; all the contents of the soul are mirrored in her restless movement, in her vast and heaving waters, in her night glittering with stars, in her valleys encircled by her snowy mountain peaks.

We see the growing sentiment of nature in the works of the old painters. Giotto released the human figures from the gold background into which the Byzantine painters had sunk them. The artist could not resist the charm of this innovation; he began to hollow the distances in which his personages were placed, and spend his loving care upon the depth of sky or green expanse of field or meadow which engirt his creations. Perspective, which, had, with the rest of the learning of the Greeks, been submerged for a time in the deluge which had destroyed the ancient world, was re-discovered, and a whole vision of unachieved possibilities crowded upon the apprehension. It was thus that "with the beginning of the fifteenth century, there appeared a new and independent development of painting, which aims more universally at a powerful conception of nature, at a more radical study of form, and at a more complete perfection of coloring and perspective." So in the attempt of the artists of the fifteenth century it often happens, that "the incident is no longer the main matter, but it serves them, as it were, with a pretext for the life-like conception and representation of reality. Hence they place their figures in rich landscape scenes, and delight in magnificent architectural backgrounds, introducing their own contemporaries, in the costumes of the day, as interested witnesses of important events."

Thus spirit has travelled through the long course of ages, and discovered its own depth and significance, and thus too nature, the opposite of spirit, has been thrust into bold antithetic relief, and become a genuine object of study and contemplation. But while nature has thus been found to be the opposite of spirit, yet this antagonism is resolved into unity, inasmuch as, threading nature, and converting it into a systematic interplay of potencies, are found laws whose significance is perceived only by viewing them as forms of rationality, of the infinite reason. Nature and spirit are thus but opposite manifestations of one substance, and the former reflects the latter throughout its breadth and extent. To the artist nature becomes in truth the garmented form of his idea, the visible reality in which are already imbedded the thoughts, the emotions that constitute the very essence of his being. He has to study reality, pass it through the alembic of his imagination, and it emerges the transfigured expression of his profoundest thought; no longer mere natural beauty, but the beauty bathed in the light that never was on land or sea. It is noticeable that with the rise and growth of landscape painting, appear the first great achievements of natural science. Galileo asserts that the earth moves; Copernicus rejects the old astronomy and places the sun in the centre of the system; Kepler discovers the golden secrets of the stars; astrology vanishes into the mists of the foredone and finished; alchemy gives place to chemistry, and the Healing Art studies the human body, and begins its genuinely philanthropic mission. The reason for this parity of appearance is the same; nature is first seen as she really is, and then studied as she deserves to be.

The content of landscape painting is the same as that of all the arts. The human heart in all its varying play of emotions again essays to make a portrait of itself, and again leaves a precious and incomparable representation. There is nothing spiritual that the landscape painters have not endeavored to delineate; their canvases glow with every hope that has ennobled man, gloom with every fear that has darkened his career. Individual caprices, and vast conceptions of whole peoples as shown alike upon these canvases. The progress of the race, the throes of religious anguish, the ecstasy of assured success, the abstraction of the philosopher, look back to us from these radiant commingling of colors. This world and the next, mankind in the totality of its realisations, are again portrayed so that all who choose may read the old, old story. Pessimism and optimism, lyric despair, and dramatic collision, degradation and supernal heights of the spirit, glitter before us once more, and the words of hope and the incentive to lofty effort are again the general purport of the message.

The culture of the landscape artist should be of the widest. All science he needs in the fulfilment of the dreams that pursue each other in radiant guise through

the precincts of his imagination. He needs must be something of a geologist to reproduce the soil of valley and mountain, the rocks in all their regularity of arrangement or contortion in which the play of titanic forces has left them. Into the old myths of giants and titans and monsters, in which are reflected primitive nature views of the early peoples, he must read the deep significance which the rugged struggling thought of slowly advancing civilisation set there. The fondness of Turner, for old classical themes, for instance, is not difficult of explanation. By the force of imagination, and a necessary kinship, he thrust himself back into the thought-modes of the Greek or Roman, and the landscape became to him the manifestation of mind-processes which were inevitable stages in the development of mankind. As some one has said no painter can successfully paint an object without in some sort being that object, so the landscapist must sink himself in the spectacle he sees, till from a process analogous to the one that brought forth the real landscape, he ushers into the light of day the resplendent scene he has placed upon canvas. World-life, rock-formation, river-fluency, cloud-transformations, growth and death of plants, the passion and pathos of semi-articulate animal-life, the phases of human motives which are subordinated to natural processes, all these must enter into his conception, not as mere picture and outer shows, but as real living processes, the essence of whose production he has grasped, so that it is from a creative idea, as it were, that his picture grows upon the canvas. The majestic memory of a Turner needed no studies from which to evocate into visibility his gorgeous mysteries of light and color; nature was to him as a larger body, his soul was akin and fused with the vast potencies whence the everlasting mountains proceed and in the solitude of his chamber the ocean in all its vicissitudes, the sky in all its mutations, struggled into view as in the realm of nature herself.

Nature is the inexhaustible treasure house to which he goes that he may forever learn her new moods and phases. She is a language so various, so profound, so creative of ever new glories, that he must forever be near to her or sink into a mere repetition, a soulless echo of his previous achievement. But she is after all a language, a mode of speech, an instrument for the utterance of ever-variant harmonies. The attempt to be merely photographic in the reproduction of natural scenes, must be forever a failure. The details of nature are too great to be grasped; human achievement sinks exhausted before the endeavor. Besides nature herself only glows into significance when related to humanity; what she is in herself alone, apart from the universal mind that perceives her, is one of those philosophic fantasies, which haunt certain crude forms of philosophic speculation, so childish as not to recognise that the endeavor to ascertain what nature is, abstracted from the general consciousness, presupposes always the effort of mind that is sought to be eliminated. This language of tree and flower and hill and sky the artist beholds as expressive of thought, and he puts it on his canvas in such guise that all mankind may read. It required his specially endowed susceptibility to discover the secret of the real landscape; he makes it on his canvas plainer to his lesser contemporaries. As has been well said by a French writer:

"The spectacles of nature want the essential characteristic of art, unity. Nature not only varies every moment of the day, but in her infinite complexity, her sublime disorder, she contains and manifests to us that which corresponds to the most contradictory emotions. Capable of exciting these emotions in man, she is powerless to express them. He alone can render them clear, visible, by choosing the scattered features lost in the bosom of the real, and eliminating from them what is foreign to or contradictory of his thought."

This is far from being the shallow idealism which attempts from a most cursory study of nature to reproduce her beauties and sublimities. It involves the most tender and loving appreciation of her, that penetration into her most subtle and recondite processes which she grants only to her devotee and worshipper.

Says Ruskin:

"All great art must be inventive, that is to say, its subject must be produced by the imagination. If so, then the great landscape art cannot be a mere copy of any given scene."

And Wm. M. Bryant,* one of the great authorities on this subject:

"In landscape painting then as in art generally—as in all human endeavor—freedom in the use and choice of materials, will always prove co-extensive with the power of the individual to choose wisely and well, and to use rightly and nobly: the artist like every other man, realises for himself a broader and a richer freedom by deepening and widening his individual culture."

All the ardors and glories of the imagination have disclosed themselves in the work of the landscape painter. To a Salvator Rosa, nature is the reflection of moods sombre as the darkness of his own soul; to a Claude Lorraine she is fresh with the joyousness of a soul to whom life was a scene of innocence and childlike gayety. Very justly is he said to have been the first landscape painter who set the sun in the heaven of his creations; but that sun had first risen on the horizon of his own soul in the radiant view which his clear and joyous character took of the world and man. In Turner on the other hand, all the tempestuous intellectual conflicts of his time are displayed; the attempt to believe what is no longer credible, the attempt to accept what is barely acceptable, the despair of doubt that disdains itself for the lack of power

* "Philosophy of Landscape Painting," by Wm. M. Bryant, Griggs & Co. Chicago.

to allay its own torments, and exorcise its self-created ghosts, the moral struggle which leaps from stern asceticism to wildly ecstatic indulgence, and finds satisfaction in neither, with moments of transcendent peace, idyllic and serene as the golden age dreamed of by poets in the foreworld, all shine, and darken, and fascinate in his incomparable portrayals of nature, made to be, as she is, the vehicle of the expression of thought in all its phases.

But the great landscape painter above all perceives the total process of nature, how she perpetually destroys herself only to reproduce herself. He seizes all these aspects in their most permanent and essential form; the capricious, the merely vague, the unimportant, by the instinct resident in his creative skill, he recognises at once, and drops from his picture. He sees how all nature is resumed and comprehended in the atmospheric process; how as Emerson says, the mountains are dissolved into the air even as the waters are, how everything is engirt by the mist of its disintegration. Out of this marvellous medium the solidities of the earth are so to speak precipitated. The modern painter no longer portrays his object in clear isolation, in a medium crystalline and pure, but as it really is enveloped in the smoke and vapors of existence. The landscapes of Corot seem like dreams so pervaded by mists and exhalations are they; but the attempt is here distinctly made to reproduce that total process in which all things live and move and have their being, that dying into life and living into death to which everything sublunary is subject. These painters introduce the air into their pictures, and lo! the genetic processes of nature become their subject matter and premeditated delineation. Such pictures, seeming irrational agglomerations of light, and shade, and color, are gigantic efforts to throw upon canvas the whole movement of nature's life. No object in them has a definite outline; it flames up into the air, and seems gradually dissipating into space; the golden glow of the universal movement of all things suffuses the delineation, and one is confronted with nature as she really is, eternally passing away, eternally restoring herself.

The art of the landscape painter like music is an essentially modern art, complex, capricious, various, but expressive of the deepest emotions, humane, ennobling. The past after all has not entirely exhausted the range of artistic power as some writers have suggested; the destinies yet hold in their providence some gifts not vouchsafed to the earlier and happier generations; out of the mysterious All whence all things great and noble have come by ways as mysterious as itself these two, music and landscape painting have descended in our own times; no doubt the ever fructuant years will continue to give to mankind new powers which will approximate the earth to the loveliness of those dreams, which are unreal only because all reality is contained in them, as the stars disappear in the golden glory of the pervasive light of the daytime.

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## THE MEANING OF STATE.

BY J. G. HERTWIG.

WHAT does State mean? Jurisprudence, the science of law, teaches, that generally considered it means human society organised for realising the highest destination of man, within a certain country. The essential requirements, therefore, of State, as such, are: a State government, a State constitution, a people, and finally a territory. State is also defined as the whole body of a people united under one government.

The opposite of State is said to be the natural condition, the state of nature, a kind of social life lacking the essential characteristics of State, when every individual acts according to his own notions and interest, and every one lives in an unsettled and inordinate manner. It cannot be proved by history, that such a state of nature, involving complete lawlessness, has ever existed permanently among men, and it is also inconceivable, that it would ever exist among them for any length of time. Anarchy, therefore, intended for a certain territory and meaning such a permanent state of nature, is a non-entity for any civilised country, the United States of America included. Without just laws, equally promoting the welfare of all its inhabitants, and without their strict enforcement, there would be no public order, no civilisation, no education, in fact nothing in the Union, that could render life dear therein to man.

The civil liberty of a country acquires its true value only by the mental, moral, and social education of the inhabitants thereof, under the protection of the law, and not in the chaos of lawlessness. Lawlessness, anarchy, as a permanent thing in any country, would be the greatest misfortune for it, destroy all human happiness in it, render all men living there mutual outlaws, and prevent true social life among them. In other words, it would reduce man there to the condition of the animal. Lawlessness, anarchy, as the basis of civil life in the Union, would mean a wrong of all against all in this country.

The object of State is the realisation of the moral law, dwelling in every man's heart. State, therefore, means a moral community. It is the most general institution of educating mankind for its highest destination. Yet, the highest destination of man is the most perfect development of all his mental, moral, and physical powers and faculties.

The question now arises, what does State mean according to American public law, based upon the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The Declaration of Independence says:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The Constitution says:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

In this free and independent country, State does not involve any power based upon so-called, but untrue birthrights, an individual could claim over the citizens of this country. On the contrary, it means a compact of all the citizens of the land, as free men, subject to no one, and under the principle of equal rights to all before the law, mutually to protect and to defend themselves in the full and unabridged enjoyment of all their natural, inherent, and inalienable rights, that is, of the rights of man, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The principle of equal rights to all, in all matters of public concern, that is, in all matters affected or to be affected by law, is and forever will be the corner-stone of American liberty.

In this free country the people govern themselves by laws and principles adopted by them, and all the public officers of the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government are not rulers but servants of the people, elected by the latter for certain periods, fixed by law, or appointed by elective officers, to hold their own offices during good behavior or during other definite or indefinite periods. In such a free country public life should always be as pure as private life, and public affairs should constantly be conducted as truthfully as private business. In other words, in such a country public life, the so-called politics, should always and under all circumstances be strictly moral, that is, just and honest. Education and morality are the only means for the American people of preserving their freedom, their free institutions, permanently, for all time to come. By education the highest intellectual development and by morality the truest self-respect of an individual or of a community are meant.

Freedom and education naturally are and always will be true and inseparable companions. For the welfare of the American people, this ought to be invariably the case in the Union.

## WHAT SHALL THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS TEACH?

### A DEBATE OF THE SUNSET CLUB.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

Less than a hundred men, and no women, appeared at the banquet of the Sunset club on the 18th of February; a great falling off, when compared with the attendance at the previous meeting where several women spoke with a magnetic power conspicuously absent from the proceedings on the 18th. The after dinner theme at this later meeting was, "What shall the public schools teach?"—and in sympathy with diminished numbers, the debate started on the dull plane of mediocrity, and stayed there. Excepting praises to the kindergarten and the manual training school, there was little said that was of any special value; and the whole debate was tainted with an air of apology and excuse for the existence of the common schools.

The talk was monotonous, and rather flat, because nearly every man who spoke to the question had carefully narrowed his mind Not a man of the club knew anything about the democratic genius of the American common school; and the principle of equal rights on which it stands was totally disregarded. Theoretical democracy is common enough in this country; but in our social constitution actual and real, there is only one absolutely level floor, and that is the floor of the common school. Even the ballot box cannot secure political equality between the rich and the poor, although the "one man, one vote," principle is the theory of our political system. Nowhere, in any public institution provided for by law do "sense and worth" establish rank, except in the common schools. Nowhere else does the child of the poor man have an equal chance with the child of the rich man. There, merit, and merit alone is the test of quality. In the bosom of democracy throbs the heart of the common school system; and that system exists not for the state, but for the child.

The debate was opened by Mr. William G. Beale, who pitched the tune in a low key, where it remained until the end. He said, "The existence of the free public schools supported wholly by public funds procured by enforced levies, seems to be warranted only on the theory that the public welfare requires it. The public school is directly for the public benefit. Its fundamental function is much the same as that of a policeman. The personal benefit to pupils is neither the ultimate nor the main consideration. The conferring of such benefit is but incidental to the chief object."

The reverse of that is true. Mr. Beale's doctrine puts the abstract shadow called the state above the citizen, but he forgets that the citizen is the very substance of the state. The sentiment must be tested by political conditions. The words of Mr. Beale, had they been spoken by the German emperor at Berlin, might have been in logical harmony with the genius of the German monarchy, but they are discordant here, where public education rests on the principle of equal rights and equal opportunities. In this country the right of the state to educate the children grows out of the right of the children to be educated; and the prerogative of the state is limited to the simple duty of providing the means to enforce the right of the child; for the child's own sake, in order that every boy and every girl may have an equal start with every other in the race for honorable position, and in the struggle for a respectable existence.

In the opinion of Mr. Beale the supreme question was, not how much, but how little should be taught in the public schools; not how public education might be expanded, but how it might be diminished. "The question," he said, "is as to the boundary line, which must not be passed.—as to the subjects to be excluded." He was willing to concede to American children, "reading, writing, and the simpler arithmetical processes, together with something of grammar, geography, and history." This is a meagre

bill of fare on which to bring up citizens of a republic, although it may do for subjects of a king. There is an air of college condescension in the "*something* of grammar, geography, and history," as if they were merely seasoning for the more substantial food, delicacies too rich for the mental digestion of the poor.

Mr. Beale did not approve of the free high school. He thought that free public school instruction should stop at the grammar grades, and that the public money now expended for the benefit of high schools should be taken from the top of our educational system, and used at the bottom of it, in attaching the kindergarten to all the public schools. He was not in favor of abolishing the high schools altogether, but he would require the pupils therein to pay some tuition fees; and on the same conditions he thought that a manual training school might be added. "In the high schools, he said, "the main benefit is to the pupils, and the public benefit is a comparatively small and incidental one." In other words, when a child learns arithmetic, the state gets the benefit of it, but when it comes to algebra the pupil gets it. The distinction is fanciful and gratuitous; the child gets the benefit of the learning in both cases. Let us have the high school and the kindergarten too.

Professor Bamberger, Superintendent of the Jewish Manual Training School spoke next. Some prefer one study, and some another, explained Professor Bamberger; with the Greeks it was one way, and with other nations a different way, but as for him he would state emphatically that "manual training in the fullest acceptation of the term should be included in every curriculum." He did not condescend to consider "the state" as a party in interest at all, yet he stood on high moral and intellectual ground, when he spoke of developing men and women, and of the use of education to them; but except as to manual training, and reading, writing, and arithmetic, he was non-committal; and he said, "Let us listen to those who plead the cause of other studies, how impressively they prove their necessity. It must therefore have always been as impossible as it is to-day to prove what objects of study should be incorporated in the public school system and which should not, as long as the principle of utility has the deciding vote."

The subject having been thrown open for general debate the public school was put on trial as a criminal under indictment, while hasty, thoughtless opinions passed for evidence. One gentleman said, "The public school used to be called the common school, and I always liked that term, the school of the common people." In that he showed a complete misunderstanding of the word common as applied to the public schools. The phrase "common school" never did mean the school of the common people, except in the minds of persons who use the word common in the sense of inferior. The common school meant a school common to all the people, to rich and poor alike. Another member believed in the egotistic absolutism of Louis the Fourteenth, "I am the State"; and had he been at the battle-field of Gettysburg on the day of the dedication he would have contradicted Abraham Lincoln thus, "It has been said that this is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, but I believe the reverse of that. I think the people should be of the government, by the government, and for the government." In admirable harmony with that belief was the opinion of the same gentleman that children should not be compelled to go to school before they are fifteen years of age, nor after they are eighteen; and he also thought that "the general education of the people should be under the control of the federal government."

The one particular member most critical of the public school system as oppressive and unjust, was willing to compromise on the "three R's," for the curious reason that they "gave us Cleveland for President." This intelligent explanation gave a partisan flavor to the cigar smoke and puzzled the club by starting this new and unnecessary conundrum, If the three R's elected Mr. Cleveland, what beat him? Taken in connection with the antediluvian theory of government advocated by the preceding speaker, this remarkable argument showed how valuable a term or two in the public schools would be for the Sunset Club.

Of course there were some gentlemen present who opposed the public schools on taxation grounds, and they paraded in all its rags and wrinkles the ancient formulary, "Government has no right to tax one man for the education of another man's child." Many of those who proclaim this doctrine, vehemently declare that it is the duty of government to tax one man for the benefit of another man's business. Some of them remind me of old Billy Clark who was always writing censorious letters to the papers under the signature of "Tax-Payer," although he never paid a tax nor anything else in his life. In the domain of social justice there is no such thing as "another man's child." The smallest baby is a distinct personality of itself, a potential man or woman, having individual rights of its own, which as such are independent of its father or its mother, especially the right to an education; and let me here once more insist upon it, in addition to an education the right to a trade.

There was also present at the banquet that optimistic person who thinks that when a boy has learned to read the Constitution of the United States his education is finished. After that the state has nothing more to do with him except to govern him and tax him; and he has nothing more to do with the state except to obey it and pay the taxes. This gentleman's "curriculum" had a very high fence around it, to keep out everything in the shape of wisdom except reading, writing, simple addition, and the Constitution of the United States. "Teach him to read," he said, "teach him to write, and if you wish to amuse him as he goes along, teach him that two and two make four, teach him to read the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; then you have done everything that the state is called upon to do." All that is very much in the style of the wine-fed old squire who flourished in England just before the age of steam came in. What magic virtue is there in the power to read the Constitution of the United States? Edison's phonograph can read it and repeat it every word; and yet there are thousands of men who would make even the right of suffrage dependent on the ability to read the Constitution.

Any attempt to abridge our common school education will fail; the tendency now is to enlarge it. The right to reading, writing, and arithmetic having been conceded, it was natural that the victorious democracy should expand its claim, and insist that the principle covered every kind of education; and that every kind of education was included in the rights of every child growing up to usefulness in a society based on the doctrine of equal rights for all. Men will make inequalities for themselves, but children have no power to fix their own state, and for that reason a democracy must require that all the children shall have equal rights and equal chances in all the schools of learning. A democracy that will not insist upon that is a comical imposture. It is a Bourbon king wearing the cap of liberty.

In that splendid catalogue of accomplishments which is called scholastic education, where shall the line be drawn between those branches of learning which ought to be paid for by the community, and those which must be paid for by the parents of the child? I answer, Nowhere! It must not be drawn at all,

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE BOSTON SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

As you will observe, our Society was founded in '81 and independently of Mr. Adler's. Sometimes, I am sorry that we changed our earliest title, though the present is so attractive, and

truly expressive of our work. We are often misconstrued to be the offspring of Mr. Adler's genius.

Some day, the title will appear the general property that it ought to be.

Your article of the 18th inst. (in *The Open Court*) seems unjust to our own Society, which, for eleven years has sought a reliable basis for its ethical instructions.

Our young people are taught that definitions mean much, that they do much towards clarifying thought which precedes word and act.

So soon as pupils enter the third, or advanced grade, of our school, they are told that "ethics is the science of human conduct"; and forthwith their efforts are to build a scientific formula of right and wrong, discussing first the origin of these terms, and their bearing upon life. We believe that the common ground to which science conducts all, will thus grow, and gradually be recognised.

We teach this class that "right," "good," and "just," as applied to conduct, mean neither the isolated selfishness of Hobbes, nor the equally isolated unselfishness of the historian and philosopher, Hildreth; but, rather, that *combined egoism* and *altruism*, which is *promotive* of *general welfare*.

I am surprised to see the quotation from Mr. Adler in regard to "philosophical sectarianism." One of his disciples, years ago, led me to believe, that, in his estimate, only a Kantian should accept the position of leader, on the ethical platform. *We* make it fundamental that the "credo" of every member, leader or not, should be open to change, and thus, through possible growth, posit more and more towards the universal creed.

Yours, most sincerely,

MRS. CLARA M. BISBEE.

[There are several societies for ethical culture which have nothing but the name in common with Professor Adler's and are quite different in spirit. The late Prof. Wm. D, Gunning was the speaker of an ethical society in the far West; the Rev. Wm. G. Babcock and Mrs. Clara M. Bisbee are the speakers of an ethical society in Boston. The Brooklyn Ethical Society whose President is Dr Lewis G. Janes and where Mr. Wakeman waged his war concerning Monism, Agnosticism, and Spookism is again quite distinct from Professor Adler's as well as the other Ethical Societies.—ED.]

## FURTHER RELIQUES OF CONSTANCE NADEN.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

*Audi alteram partem.*

PERMIT me, at your convenience, a very brief review of the generally able and suggestive critique of the above volume by Ω. in *The Open Court* of February 11, page 3142. The point to which I chiefly desire to attract the attention of your readers is the sentence: "This is a truth we can receive, but to argue from the identity of the cosmos to the identification of the cosmos with the ego, as Miss Naden does in her criticism of Professor Green's transcendental psychology, appears to us unreasonable." Now, as her literary executor, and familiar with her most esoteric convictions, let me be allowed very shortly to traverse this critical judgment. Miss Naden's position is to foreclose all metaphysics and psychology, which latter is only the former under a new name, by physics and physiology. Indeed psychology and biology are synonyms, as the Greek terms *Psyche* and *Bios*—both connoting the Latin *vita*—are *solidaire*. As I have shown on many former occasions, one strong argument—apart from the more strictly scientific *thesis* against Dualism and Animism in any shape or form,—is that no words have been ever coined to express the latter. Spirit is but Breath and generally, as in Hamlet, all percepts and *a fortiori* concepts, are at once bodily and bodiless creations of the Brain. If, and surely we must concede that it is so, Thought or Mind be the natural function of an anatomical (somatological) organism, its vicarious exercise is quite unthinkable—a postulate which, of itself alone, eliminates altogether the separate idea of the object, not as being "annihilated," but only as absorbed in, and annexed to, the subject self. Hylo-Idealism, or Neo-Materialism, as I have often said, is only the positive of Kant's negation of *Thing in itself*—the only alternative to which is *Thing in myself*. Or in other words all Perception, and Conception must follow suit, is only Apperception (Self-Perception). So that all thought, including all empirical research, little as specialists reck of the rede, can be only an Autopsy or Self-inspection.—Q. E. D.

The outside world must be therefore only the outer or distal *pro*ject of all-and-self-sufficing-egoity—a position physically proved by Wöhler's identification of the organic and inorganic from his artificial manufacture of *Urea* more than sixty years ago. And also by the morphology of ocular vision which shows that the cones and rods of the retina are directed backwards and inwards, not towards the "outer" light, which latter "offspring of Heaven, First born of the Eternal Co-Eternal beam," can have no claim to be called so till called into being by the retina and brain themselves. "Thing" is thus seen to be transfigured into "Think" ere entering the domain of conscious knowledge.

R. LEWINS, M. D.




# THE OPEN COURT.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

**THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.**

EDWARD C. HEGELER, PRES. Dr. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:
$2.00 PER YEAR. $1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.
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